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"LIBERTY AND MY NATIVE SOIL."

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OUR VICTORIES FULLY CONFIRMED.

City of Mexico in our Possession.

**GENS. PILLOW, QUITMAN AND
SHIELDS WOUNDED.**

**COL. MCINTOSH, LIEUT. COLS. MARTIN SCOTT,
GRAHAM, BAXTER AND DICKINSON KILLED.**

South Carolina Regiment again the Sufferers.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Walker & Bradford, of Hamburg, who forwarded us a copy of the *Pieayune* by express, one day and a half in advance of our mail, we are enabled to lay before our readers the late news from the army. Our gallant army is in quiet possession of the city of Mexico, but they have acquired possession of it at a great sacrifice of life; many of the most distinguished officers of the army have poured their blood beneath the flag of their country and perished in the arms of victory. Our own heroic Regiment has again been severely tried, and the losses they have sustained is a better comment upon their actions than can be made by words. Major Gladden, who is said to be severely wounded, is now the leader of our handful of heroes; Butler and Dickinson have given their last commands, and now sleep with the gallant dead, "with their martial cloaks around them."

Mr. Kendall sets down the loss of the Americans since leaving Puebla at 3,000 men. Gen. Scott entered the valley of Mexico with not more than 10,000 men to capture a city containing a population of 200,000, and with a regular organized army of 25,000 men to defend it. Yet with all these odds the stars and stripes now proudly wave over the palace of the Montezumas.

We have only given a list of the killed and wounded of the Palmetto Regiment, as our readers are more interested in this than in a long list of unfamiliar names.

Killed.—Lieut. Col. Dickinson, Lieut. J. B. Moragne, Lieut. J. W. Cante, 1st Sergt. B. F. Mattison, W. B. Devlin, J. Norwood, Jno. Patrick; these are all of the Company that left this District.

Wounded.—Maj. Gladden, severely; Capt. J. F. Marshall, slightly; Capt. Williams, slightly; Lieut. M. Clark, Adj't, severely; Lieut. Bell, slightly; Lieut. F. W. Selleck, severely; Lieuts. D. D. Baker and J. W. Steen, severely; Lieut. A. H. Bannon, slightly; Lieuts. Robertson, C. J. Kirkland, J. B. Davis, slightly; Private R. Watson, severely; Corpl. W. R. Rodgers, J. H. Saxtons, J. Culvert, J. Davis, R. Junkin, C. L. McCowan, slightly; all of our Company.

CITY OF MEXICO, September 14, 1847.

Another victory, glorious in its results and which has thrown additional lustre upon the American arms, has been achieved to-day by the army under General Scott—the proud capital of Mexico has fallen into the power of a mere handful of men compared with the immense odds arrayed against them, and Santa Anna instead of shedding his blood as he had promised, is wandering with the remnant of his army to some unknown whither.

The apparently impregnable works on Chapultepec, after a desperate struggle, were triumphantly carried—Gens. Bravo and Montreuil, besides a host of officers of all grades, taken prisoners; over 1000 men, officers and privates, all arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, are in our possession, and the Mexicans were soon in full flight

towards the different works which command the entrances to the city, and our men at once were in hot pursuit.

General Quitman supported by General Smith's brigade, took the road by the Chapultepec aqueduct towards the Belen gate and the Ciudadela; Gen. Worth, supported by Gen. Cadwallader's brigade, advanced by the San Cosme aqueduct towards the garita of that name. Both routes were cut up by ditches and defended by breast-works, barricades, and strong works of every description known to military science; yet the daring and impetuosity of our men overcame one defence after another, and by night-fall every work to the city's edge were carried. Gen. Quitman's command, after the route at Chapultepec, was first to encounter the enemy in force. Midway between the former and the Belen gate, Santa Anna had constructed a strong work; but this was at once vigorously assaulted by Gen. Quitman, and aided by a flank fire two of Duncan's guns, which Gen. Worth had ordered to approach as near as possible from the San Cosme road, the enemy was again routed and in full flight. They again made a stand at their strong fortifications at and near the Belen garita, opening a tremendous fire not only of round shot, grape and shell, but of musketry; yet boldly Gen. Quitman advanced, stormed and carried the works, although at great loss, and then every point on this side the city was in our possession. In this onslaught two of our bravest officers were killed—Captain Drum and Lieutenant Benjamin.

Meanwhile General Worth was rapidly advancing upon San Cosme. At the English burying ground the enemy had constructed a strong work. It was defended by infantry for a short time, but could not resist the assault of our men—the affrighted Mexican soon fled to another line of works nearer the city, and thus Gen. Worth was in possession of the entrance to San Cosme.

As his men advanced towards the garita, the enemy opened a heavy fire of musketry from the house tops, as well as of grape, canister and shell from their batteries, thus sweeping the street completely. At this juncture the old Monterey game, of burrowing and digging through the houses was adopted. On the right, as our men faced the enemy, the aqueduct afforded a partial shelter; on the left, the houses gave some protection; but many were still killed or wounded by the grape which swept every part, as well as by the shells which were continually bursting in every direction. About 3 o'clock the work of the pickaxe and the crow-bar under the direction of Lieut. G. W. Smith, of the Sappers and miners, had fairly commenced, and every minute brought our men nearer the enemy's last stronghold. In the meantime two mountain howitzers were fairly lifted to the top of one of the houses and into the cupola of the church, from which they opened a plunging and most effective fire, while one of Duncan's guns in charge of Lieut. Hunt, was run up under a galling fire to a deserted breastwork, and at once opened upon the garita. In this latter daring feat, four men out of eight were either killed or wounded, but still the piece was most effectively served. The work of the Miners was still going on. In one house which they had entered, by the pickaxe, a favorite aid of Santa Anna's was found. The great man who had just fled, but had left his friend and his supper! Both were well cared for—the latter was devoured by our hungry officers; the former after doing the honors of the table, was made a close prisoner. Just as dark was setting in, our men had dug and mined their way almost up to the very guns of the enemy, and now, after a short struggle, they were completely routed and driven with the loss of everything. The command of the city by the San Cosme route was attained.

During the night, Gen. Quitman commenced throwing up breastworks and erecting batteries, with the intention of opening a heavy cannonade upon the Ciudadela with the first light this morning. At 10 o'clock at night, Gen. Worth ordered Capt. Huger to bring up a 24-pounder and a 10-inch mortar to the garita or gate of San Cosme, and having ascertained the bearings and distance of the grand plaza and palace, at once opened upon these points. The heavy shells were heard to explode in the very heart of the city.

At a little after midnight Major Palacios, accompanied by two or three members of the municipal council of the city, arrived at Gen. Worth's headquarters, and in great trepidation informed him that Santa Anna and his grand army had fled, and that they wished at once to surrender the capital! They were referred to the commander-in-chief, and immediately started for Tacubaya; but in the mean time the firing upon the town ceased.

At 7 o'clock this morning Gen. Scott, with his staff, rode in and took quarters in the national palace on the top of which the regimental flag of the gallant Fifth and the

stars and stripes were already flying. An immense crowd of blanketed lepers the scum of the capital, were congregated in the plaza as the commander-in-chief entered it. They pressed upon our soldiers, and eyed them as though they were beings of another world. So much were they in the way, and with such eagerness did they press around, that Gen. Scott was compelled to order our drogoons to clear the plaza. They were told, however, not to injure or harm a man in the man—they were all our friends!

About five minutes after this, and when Gen. Worth was returning to his division near the Alameda, he was fired upon from a house near the Convent of San Francisco. Some of the cowardly Polkas, who had fled the day previous without discharging their guns, now commenced the assassin game of shooting at every one of our men they saw, from windows, as well as from behind the parapets on the azoteas or tops of houses. In half an hour's time our good friends, the lepers, in the neighborhood of the hospital of San Andres and the church of Santa Clara, also commenced discharging muskets and throwing bottles and rocks from the azoteas. I have neglected to mention that just previous to this Col. Garland had been severely wounded by a musket, fired by some miscreant from a window.

For several hours this cowardly war upon our men continued, and during this time many were killed or wounded. It was in this species of fighting that Lieut. Sidney Smith received his death wound. The division of Gen. Twigg in one part of the city, and Gen. Worth in another, were soon actively engaged in putting down the insurrection. Orders were given to shoot every man in all the houses from which the firing came, while the guns of the different light batteries swept the streets in all directions. As the assassins were driven from their house they would, for the afternoon they were all forced back to the barriers and suburbs. Many persons have doubtless been killed during the day, but this could not be avoided. And orders been given at the outset to blow up and demolish every house or church from which one man was fired upon, the disturbances would have been instantly quelled. As it is, I trust that the lesson the rabble and their mischievous leaders have received today may deter them from future outrages.

On entering the palace Gen. Scott at once named Gen. Quitman governor of Mexico—a most excellent appointment.—Some wag immediately proclaimed aloud in the plaza as follows: Gen. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, has been appointed governor of Mexico, vice Gen. Jose Maria Tornel, resigned—very suddenly! It seems that the valiant Tornel ran off at an early hour, and his magnificent house has been converted into a hospital for our wounded officers.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 17, 1847.

The capital is now quiet enough, and although the inhabitants say but little they are probably not altogether contented with their new masters. They say that the Lord and Santa Anna are to blame for all their misfortunes—their own lack of prowess and courage is not thought of. The say that Providence withheld the rains and gave the Yankees fair weather for their operations, while Santa Anna deserted from them in their extremity, and gave up the city without even making terms for them. The latter has gone no one knows whither.—Some contend that he is on his way to the coast, with the intention of leaving the country; others say that he has gone towards Queretaro; while many think that he is lurking about Guadalupe or San Chrisobal within a few miles of this, yet with only a small force of cavalry at his command. His wife, who has been living all the while at the house of his particular friend Mackintosh, has gone out in the direction of San Chrisobal in search of him. Santa Anna just before he left grossly insulted Gen. Terres, who commanded at the Belen gate, for deserting his post. It is also said that he has quarrelled with Lombardini. These are old tricks of the tyrant—throwing the blame on others to cover his own shameful conduct.

Lieut. Morris, of the 8th infantry, has died of the wound he received at the hard fought battle of E. Molino, and it is thought extremely doubtful whether Lieut. Ernst, of the 6th, wounded at the same time, can recover. I do not learn that any other officers are considered as in a dangerous situation.

G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 28.

We have rumors without number from Puebla to-day. One is that Santa Anna has been killed in encounter with Colonel Childs in the vicinity of that city; another would make us believe that he has been taken prisoner; after defending himself for some time at the paper mill called La Constanza, in the neighborhood of Puebla.

The accounts say that Col. Childs was reinforced by Maj. Lally, and that he immediately entered the city, drove out the guerrilleros and surrounded the mill above named. What credit to place in these rumors I know not, but if Santa Anna is really a prisoner, it has been intentional—he has given himself up. If he has been killed, it has been what the Mexicans would term one *casualidad*, a sheer accident, for no such intention ever entered his head.

As a prisoner, Santa Anna knows perfectly well that he can humbug Mr. Polk with ease, and all his friends besides. We shall know the whole truth of the matter in the course of a few days.

It is said that the Mexican Congress is to assemble at Queretaro, on the 5th of October—next week—and that Pena y Pena has gone out to be installed as the acting President. I have heard Mexicans say that the body has many members who will deliberate manfully and seriously in favor of peace; but my opinion is, that a majority of them will talk of little save honor and glory, and last extremities and ruins, and of being buried under them, and kindred nonsense. Some of them may be bribed, or hired, to espouse the peace side. We shall see.

Gomez Farias is at Queretaro, but we do not hear what he is doing. Gen. Herrera is also there, and if any leading man in Mexico is in favor of peace, he is the one. His influence, however, is confined almost entirely to the *moderados*.

Rejon, in his letters to Santa Anna, told him that if he would continue the war, he would perish by his side; but they say, that when the armistice was broken, he remained at Queretaro and forgot all about fighting. Valiant man is Manuel Crescencio Rejon! but he has a prudent way of manifesting it in the hour of peril. He has a few days since, without followers, and has gone North, perhaps towards Guadalupe, his old and favorite ground, to stir and influence the minds of the people against the Yankees, and try his hand against them. He is, no doubt, one of the bravest and best generals Mexico has ever produced.

Mr. Wells, the partner of Hart in the Army theatre, died here a day or two since. He may be recollected in the United States, not only as a pantomimist, but as a dancer and actor of some distinction. Capt. Pemberton Waddell, of one of the new regiments of infantry, is also dead. The wound of Gen. Shields, although painful, is improving. A musket ball struck him in the left arm at the storming of Chapultepec, but binding a handkerchief round it he continued with his men until every thing calmed. Gen. Pillow has almost entirely recovered. Since commencing this I have heard another rumor to the effect that Alvarez and the Congress of Puebla have risen upon Santa Anna and put him to death. This can hardly be credited. Alvarez is doubtless in that direction.

The loss in the different divisions in the storming of Chapultepec and capture of the city on the 13th is as follows: In that of Gen. Quitman about 300, in that of Gen. Twigg 368, in that of Gen. Pillow 142, in that of Gen. Worth 138. Owing to his previous heavy loss the latter only had about 1000 men engaged in the last battles.

As I know it will be of great interest to their friends, before closing this letter I will state that the wounds of almost all the officers are doing well. I can speak positively of Col. Garland, Majors Wade, Waite, Loring and Gladden, of Capts. Mason, Walker, Danley, and of Lieuts. Foster, Shackelford, Selden and Lugenbeel, and I mention them as being some of the most severely wounded.

G. W. K.

A LAONIC SERMON.—Job, c. 1, v. 21, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither." In discoursing from these words, I shall observe the three following things: First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, his progress through the world; and, thirdly, his egress out of the world. To return, first man's ingress into the world is naked and bare; secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care, and, thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where. To conclude, if we do well here, we shall be well there; and I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year.

Pine Knot.

A SCIENTIFIC VIEW OF IT.—Hastings, of the Albany Kickerbocker, must be a queer fellow. He says in a late paper.—How any one can look at the human foot, composed of 144 bones—any quantity of elastic cartilage—a gill and a half of lubricating oil, and ten thousand other arrangements for first class kicking and still believe that it is a duty to receive an insult without making a man smell of leather, is one of those eccentricities connected with the human mind that we never could fathom.

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shown.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew, the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the
Of autumn's opening hour— [light
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer tune,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.—A concurrent Thanksgiving throughout the Union, on the same day voluntarily set apart for that purpose by the Executive of each State, would be a thing of beautiful propriety and of no ordinary interest. Such a concurrence would be an event of first impression on our country, and the glorious abundance which for the past year has not only filled our own land, but has overflowed and poured itself forth to supply the want and famine of the old world, furnishes not only a reason but an occasion for some such thankfulness. Extraordinary manifestations of the goodness of two States at least, New Hampshire and Missouri, have selected Thanksgiving, November, as a day of convenient season; but it is remarkable in our calendar for the evacuation of our territory by the British troops. Let the proposal for a concentration upon that day go the rounds of the Press, and the peculiar fitness of the thing will commend it to universal adoption.

RESULTS OF RAIL-ROADS.—The correspondent of the St. Louis *Reveille*, writing from Boston, thus briefly but graphically sketches the results of her liberal outlay upon rail-roads:

"Boston, though this present is a dull season for business, is a perfect whirl of life and activity! Her wharves, her streets, her railroad lines, her temples of instruction, her halls of amusement, all are in quick, yet regulated action. The neighboring towns—every one vastly increased within the last few years, and some of them chartered cities—have completely girdled old Shawmut. Looking from a height upon the dense gathering of humanity, and its pursuits beneath and around, the visitor, whatever part of the States he may be from, feels a portion of the pride which he acknowledges every Bostonian has a right to entertain. He need not accompany with his eye the laden trains which from every direction come shrieking in to this common centre, to desire heartily that all the world might equally enjoy a spectacle so instructive, so ennobling!"

GEN. LAFAYETTE IN BALTIMORE.—During the revolutionary war, Gen. Lafayette being in Baltimore, was invited to a ball. He went as requested, but instead of joining in the amusement, as might be expected of a young Frenchman of twenty-two, he addressed the ladies thus:—Ladies, you are very handsome; you dance very prettily; your ball is very fine;—but my soldiers have no shirts. The appeal was irresistible; the ball ceased; the ladies went home and went to work, and the next day a large number of shirts were prepared by the fairest hands of Baltimore, for the gallant defenders of their country.

ELECTION FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO THE LEGISLATURE.—On Monday and Tuesday last the election to fill the vacancy in our District Delegation took place. Abraham Jones, Esq., was the only candidate. The votes will be counted out to-day.

Advertiser.

A love-sick swain, by the name of Neal, wrote thus to his sweet-heart:—"My heart is gone—I can't tell how, But pure's the flame I feel: To richer girls let others bow, To Mary Ann—I Neal."

CONSOLATION.—A soldier who was wounded in battle, set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman who laid somewhere near him, with both legs shot off, immediately sung out:—"Bad luck to the likes of ye, do you think that nobody else is kilt but yourself?"

*See Sac. Palmetto Regt.
Washington, D.C.
reference to
Confederate*